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EPISODE ONE

DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 5R

'THE PLANET THAT SLEPT'

by

ANDREW SMITH

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Executive Producer ...	BARRY LETTS
Director	PETER GRIMWADE
Designer	JANET BUDDEN
Script Editor	CHRISTOPHER BIDMEAD
P.U.M.	ANGELA SMITH
P.A.	SUE BOX
A.F.M.	LYNN RICHARDS
Assistant	PAT GREENLAND
Costume Designer	AMY ROBERTS
Make-Up Artist	ANTONIA CHAPMAN
Visual Effects Designer	JOHN BRACE
TM1	MIKE JEFFERIES
Sound Supervisor	JOHN HOLMES
E.E.O.	
Vision Mixer	
Music by	PADDY KINGSLAND
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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DOCTOR WHO: 'THE PLANET THAT SLEPT' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

DOCTOR
ROMANA
K9

OMRIL (CITIZEN)
RYSIK (")
VARSH (OUTLER)
KEARA (")
TYLOS (")
DRAITH (DECIDER)
LEXETER (CITIZEN SCIENTIST)
LOGIN (CITIZEN/DECIDER)
NEFRED (DECIDER)
GARIF (DECIDER)
ADRIC

N/S

CITIZENS
2 TEENAGERS
OUTLERS
TALLYMAN
MARSHMEN

SETS

Int. Tardis. Control Room
Int. Tardis. Romana's Quarters
Int. Cave
Int. The Science Unit
Int. Starliner Boarding Area

TELECINE

Ext. Forest
Ext. Riverside
Ext. March

Model Shots

Tardis entering Charged Vacuum Emboitment
Ext. Starliner

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 1: 'The Planet that Slept'

by

Andrew Smith

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(K9 AND THE DOCTOR
ARE STANDING BY
THE CONTROL
CONSOLE, ROMANA
WATCHES THE
PROCEEDINGS FROM
THE OPPOSITE SIDE
OF THE CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: Go ahead, K9.

K9: Master.

(K9 EXTENDS HIS
ANTENNA TOWARDS
THE CONSOLE)

THE DOCTOR: I want you to set a
course for binary co-ordinates ten
zero eleven zero zero by zero two
from galactic zero centre.

(A MOMENT, THEN
THE CENTRAL
COLUMN STARTS
UP, RISING AND
FALLING REGULARLY)

K9: Co-ordinates laid in.
Spatial drive initiated.

THE DOCTOR: Well done, K9.

ROMANA: (SOMBRE) Ten zero eleven
zero zero by zero two. That's -

THE DOCTOR: (CHEERFULLY, TO
ROMANA) Now we've dropped off
our Earth friend we can be on
our way.

ROMANA: You've made your mind
up, then?

THE DOCTOR: There's nothing to
make my mind up about. We've
been summoned. You don't ignore
a summons to Gallifrey.

ROMANA: Going home ...

THE DOCTOR: I'm looking forward
to seeing how Leela and Andred
are getting on. And you'll be
able to meet your twin, K9.

(ROMANA MOVES TOWARDS
THE CONTROL ROOM'S
INNER DOOR IN A
RESTRAINED HURRY)

Romana?

(ROMANA DOESN'T
RESPOND. SHE
EXITS.)

THE DOCTOR'S FACE
SHOWS CONCERN.
HE FOLLOWS HER)

Stay here, K9. You're in charge.

K9: Master.

2. INT. TARDIS: ROMANA'S QUARTERS.
NO TIME.

(THE ROOM IS VERY
ELEGANT, AS
ELEGANT AS ROMANA'S
CHARACTER. THIS
IS WHERE SHE CAN
RETREAT FROM
THE STRESSES OF
LIFE WITH THE
DOCTOR.

THERE ARE ABSTRACT
PRINTS ON THE
WALLS, VARIOUS
PIECES OF BEAUTIFUL
ORNAMENTATION,
AND A SMALL BED
WITH A THICK WHITE
FUR QUILT.

THE CIRCULAR
RECESSES IN THE
WALLS REMIND US
WE ARE IN THE
TARDIS.

THE LIGHTING IS
SUBDUED.

ROMANA IS SITTING
ON THE EDGE OF
HER BED, OBVIOUSLY
DEEPLY SADDENED)

THE DOCTOR: (OUTSIDE) Do you
mind if I come in?

ROMANA: What do you want?

THE DOCTOR: (ENTERING VAGUELY)
Oh, I don't know...

(HE SEEMS GENUINELY
AT A LOSS IN THE
FACE OF ROMANA'S
OBVIOUS
UNHAPPINESS)

The question is - what do they
want. Isn't it?

ROMANA: We both know why the
Time Lords have summoned us.

THE DOCTOR: Do we?

(THE DOCTOR SITS
DOWN IN A
COMFORTABLE
CHAIR OPPOSITE
ROMANA)

ROMANA: They want me back.

THE DOCTOR: Very probably.

ROMANA: Oh thank you for that
note of reassurance.

THE DOCTOR: Well, you were
given to me to help with the
Key to Time.

ROMANA: And I did.

THE DOCTOR: And very nicely too.
But that was a while ago. I
suppose they reckon you've
served your sentence, now.

ROMANA: Doctor, I don't want to live on Gallifrey for the rest of my life.

THE DOCTOR: It's a nice enough place.

ROMANA: After all this, all the different kinds of everything outside Gallifrey, one planet becomes so tiny. I want to go on learning, Doctor. Life on Gallifrey is static and...Well... rather futile.

THE DOCTOR: Gosh.

ROMANA: Sorry.

THE DOCTOR: You can't fight the Time Lords, Romana.

ROMANA: You did - once.

THE DOCTOR: And lost.

ROMANA: (MORE DESPONDENT THAN EVER) Then there's nothing more to discuss, is there? We have to go.

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

3. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(K9 CIRCLES ROUND
THE CONTROL
CONSOLE, HALTS)

K9: Course set and holding.
ETA to Callifrey - thirty-two
minutes. Flight path is clear.

(K9'S HEAD COMES
UP, HIS 'EARS'
WHIRR)

Wait. Sensors indicate - no
vocabulary available. Cannot
comprehend. Cannot -

4. EXT. TARDIS. NO TIME.

(MODEL SHOT

THE CHARGED
VACUUM
EMBOITEMENT IS
A SINISTER
SPECTACLE, LIKE
A FLICKERING
TUNNEL IN SPACE,
OCCASIONAL
BRIEF INGERS
OF ELECTRICITY
SPURT OUTWARDS
FROM IT.

THE TARDIS SHOOTS
INTO FRAME AND
STRAIGHT INTO
THE CHARGED VACUUM
EMBOITEMENT.

WITHIN THE
EMBOITEMENT, THE
TARDIS COMES TO
AN ABRUPT HALT,
DISTORTED, TWISTED,
ITS SHAPE CHANGING
CONTINUOUSLY AND
JERKILY)

5. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE TARDIS INTERIOR
IS BEING AFFECTED
IN THE SAME WAY AS
THE EXTERIOR.

K9 HIMSELF IS BEING
DISTORTED ALONG
WITH THE ROOM).

K9: I have ... lost ... control
of ... the Tardis.

6. INT. TARDIS: ROMANA'S QUARTERS.
NO TIME.

(AS WITH THE WHOLE
OF THE SHIP, SO
TOO IS THIS
ROOM BEING
AFFECTED.

THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA GET TO
THEIR FEET)

ROMANA: Doctor - what's
happening?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know.

7. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE DISTORTION
OF THE ROOM BECOMES
GRADUALLY LESS
VIOLENT, THEN
CEASES.)

K9 TURNS TO ONE
FACET OF THE
CONSOLE, HIS
SUBSEQUENT WHIRRS
AND CLICKS
INDICATING THAT
HE IS CARRYING
OUT A CHECK OF
SOME SORT.

THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA RUSH IN)

THE DOCTOR: K9?

(K9 TURNS TO
FACE THEM)

K9: I have regained control,
master. The Tardis has
stabilised.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES
TO THE CONSOLE,
REGARDS THE
INSTRUMENTS)

ROMANA: What happened, K9?

K9: Cannot explain, mistress.

THE DOCTOR: All right, just give me the data.

K9: Cannot comply.

THE DOCTOR: There must be some data.

K9: Substantial data was received master, yes. However, I am unable to assimilate it.

ROMANA: That's unusual.

THE DOCTOR: Unsettlingly unusual.

ROMANA: I think a systems check is in order.

THE DOCTOR: Good idea. K9 - I want a report of all damaged parts.

K9: No damage, master.

THE DOCTOR: What, none?

K9: All component parts are functioning normally, master.

THE DOCTOR: You mean to tell me that after going through all that the systems are still perfectly all right?

K9: Not perfectly master.
Adverb attributed was "normally".

ROMANA: Doctor - the column.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS.
THE MOTION OF
THE COLUMN SLOWS
TO A HALT)

We've landed.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed we have.
Let's take a look, shall we?

(REACHES FOR
SCANNER CONTROLS.

THE DOCTOR TURNS
THE SCANNER
CONTROL. THE
SCANNER DOORS
OPEN TO REVEAL
A DESERTSCAPE
STRETCHING FOR
AS FAR AS THE
EYE CAN SEE.

THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA LOOK LONG
AND HARD AT THIS)

The desert lands of Outer
Gallifrey. We can't be too
far from the Citadel of the
Time Lords. Ready to go?

ROMANA: (DOUR) I suppose so.

THE DOCTOR: It's not the end
of the universe. We're home
again!

ROMANA: Sorry.

THE DOCTOR: And don't apologize,
just try and brighten up a bit,
will you?

ROMANA: I'll try.

THE DOCTOR: Hard, I hope.

(THE DOCTOR PRESSES
THE DOOR LEVER.
THE DOORS HUM OPEN)

ROMANA: I'll...get my things.

(THE DOCTOR GOES
OUT.

ROMANA LEANS
AGAINST THE
CONSOLE, LETS
OUT A RESIGNED
SIGH. SHE LOOKS
AT GALLIFREY ON
THE SCANNER, THEN
TURNS THE CONTROL,
THE SCANNER
CLOSES.

SHE HEADS BACK
TOWARDS HER
QUARTERS, BUT)

Romana, my girl, you're just
going to have to get used to
it ...

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE OFF) Romana!
Romana, come here! Quickly!

ROMANA: Doctor?

(ROMANA RUSHES
TOWARDS THE DOORS
AND OUT)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Forest. Day.

ROMANA emerges from
the Tardis wide-
eyed, amazed, gazing
around.

The Tardis has
landed not in the
desert depicted
on the scanner,
but in a large
forest.

Alien plant life
is present in
abundance.

ROMANA: This isn't Gallifrey.

THE DOCTOR: It certainly isn't.

END TELECINE 2.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Riverside. Day.

Alien plants, like the ones in the previous scene adorn the river's edge.

A short distance from the edge of the river there stands a pile of fruits. Riverfruits - white, and about the size of coconuts.

These are also seen to grow at the river's edge.

The small group of CITIZENS who have been harvesting the Riverfruits - MEN and WOMEN alike clad in mildly futuristic garb and still carrying their harvesting knives - are emerging from the forest, scowling. .

TWO TEENAGERS in bathing costumes run towards the river and into the water, where they laugh and play around. splashing one another.

As the others return to the harvest, TWO CITIZENS, OMRIL and RYSIK, join one another and stop to talk.

OMRIL: No sign of them?

RYSIK: Nothing. When I get my hands on those outlers...

OMRIL: At least they didn't steal any more Riverfruits.

RYSIK: I suppose that's something.

They move towards the river's edge to join the other harvesting CITIZENS in cutting the Riverfruits free.

In the undergrowth, indistinct FIGURES are moving, crawling along, glimpsed fleetingly by us through the foliage.

A grubby YOUNG HAND parts a clump of leaves to give a good view of the riverside scene.

VARSH: (OOV) That was close.

We see VARSH skulking in the bushes. Next to VARSH is KEARA, a beautiful girl - the problem being that she knows it. She wears an old hat, tilted, with a brim which shadows her eyes. Beside her is TYLOS, a particularly vicious-looking character.

TYLOS: (ANGRY) Hit 'em fast, you said, Varsh, hit 'em fast and we'll be gone before they know about it.

VARSH: All right, Tylos ...

TYLOS: It's not all right.

KEARA: Wait. Look.

VARSH: What?

KEARA: Over there.

They look. DRAITH, a stern-looking elder of some apparent importance, clad in fine clothes with a flowing, majestic cloak, appears, heading towards the pile of Riverfruits, accompanied by LEXETER, a frenetic, urgent character dressed in comparatively more sedate clothes.

TYLOS: Draith and Lexeter!
What are they doing here.

OMRIL and RYSIK stop their work to watch DRAITH and LEXETER, who are examining the Riverfruits. OMRIL draws his arm across his sweat-soaked forehead.

LEXETER puts a Riverfruit down on the ground. He lifts a harvesting knife he is carrying and brings it down swiftly, cutting the Riverfruit in two. He stoops to pick up one half, looks at it.

DRAITH: Well, Lexeter?

LEXETER: Yes, there seems
to be a trace - just a trace.
No other signs?

DRAITH is sombre,
quiet fear on his
face.

DRAITH: Nothing reported.

LEXETER: We'll have to put
this under the microscope.

END TELECINE 3.

8. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
PEERING AT THE
SCANNER CONTROL,
WHICH STILL
SHOWS THE DESERT
OF OUTER GALLIFREY)

THE DOCTOR: That is
Gallifrey.

K9: The co-ordinates are
correct, master.

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES
HIS HEAD)

ROMANA: (READING OFF CONTROLS)
Ten zero eleven zero zero by
zero two. K9 is right.

(THE DOCTOR
CLOSES THE
SCANNER)

THE DOCTOR: Absurd. Just
... totally ... ineluctably
... absurd!

(THE DOCTOR
REMOVES HIS
COAT AND SCARF.
DROPS THEM ON
K9, AND ROLLS
UP HIS SLEEVES)

ROMANA: What are you going
to do?

THE DOCTOR: We can't take
off until we find out
precisely what has happened
to the Tardis. I'm going
to take the console apart.

ROMANA: Doctor, last time
you tried that ...

THE DOCTOR: Don't remind me.

9. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(THE 'HEADQUARTERS'
OF THE YOUNG
OUTLERS. OLD
BOXES, CRATES,
AND SOME
CONVENIENTLY-
PLACED STONES
CONSTITUTE THE
MEAGRE
FURNISHINGS.

THERE IS A SMALL
PILE OF RIVERFRUITS
IN ONE CORNER.

THE OUTLERS, FIVE
IN NUMBER ARE
MOSTLY IN THEIR
LATE TEENS - NO
OLDER - HARD,
OVERSURE OF
THEMSELVES.
THEIR COMMON
'UNIFORM' IS A
MARSHREED 'BELT'
TIED **AROUND** THE
WAIST.

EACH MEMBER OF THE
GANG CARRIES A KNIFE
OF SOME DESCRIPTION.

AS WE JOIN THEM, ALL
THE GANG ARE WATCHING
A FIGURE WHO IS
STANDING IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE CAVE
FLOOR, APPARANTLY
UNINTIMIDATED BY
THEIR SILENT
SCRUTINY. HE IS
BY OUR STANDARDS
ABOUT FIFTEEN, SMALL
FOR HIS AGE, WIRY,
WITH SHORT STRAIGHT
BLACK HAIR.

HE IS DISTINGUISHED
FROM THE OTHERS BY
BEING CLAD IN
FINER CLOTHES,
WITH A BLUE STAR
ON HIS TOP POCKET.

THIS IS ADRIC.

KEARA FACES ADRIC,
SELF-ASSURED,
TAUNTING.

VARSH IS WATCHING
PARTICULARLY CLOSELY,
APPARENTLY UNEASY.
HE TURNS TO THE
OTHERS)

VARSH: Well?

TYLOS: Nobody joins unless
we all agree. That's always
been understood.

KEARA: He belongs in the Hall
of Books. Not here.

TYLOS: No Elites. We agreed
that too.

KEARA: Unless you want to
make special rules - for your
brother.

(VARSH FACES ADRIC)

VARSH: We broke all family
ties when we left the
community.

ADRIC: I know that. I don't
expect special treatment.

KEARA: Don't you? Isn't that what the star's for?

(SHE INDICATES THE
BADGE ON ADRIC'S
TOP POCKET)

ADRIC: It's for mathematical excellence.

KEARA: (TAUNTING) So the boy can count. Give it to me.

(KEARA REACHES FOR
THE BADGE.

SHE IS QUICK,
BUT ADRIC IS
QUICKER. HE
GRABS HER WRIST,
TIGHTLY, HOLDING
HER FINGERS MERE
INCHES FROM THE
BADGE. IT IS
NOT AN EFFORT
FOR HIM)

ADRIC: (CALMLY) Keep your hands off it.

KEARA: Let go! That hurts.

(ADRIC LETS HER
GO)

ADRIC: And please don't tell me what to do. I've had enough of that in the Starliner.

VARSH: You'll find it worse here. When you're struggling to stay alive the discipline is even harder.

ADRIC: (INDICATING KEARA AND TYLOS) Then perhaps you should keep these two in better check.

KEARA: See! He talks like a Decider already.

TYLOS: If you think you'd be holding some kind of authority here, think again. You're no better than us.

ADRIC: (AMUSED) Of course I'm better than you. That's why I'm an Elite. You people couldn't even organize a raid on the riverfruits.

(THE GANG REACT)

VARSH: Could you do better.

ADRIC: I could hardly do worse.

(VARSH LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHAKES HIS HEAD)

VARSH: Go back to the Starliner, Adric. You're too sure of yourself. You won't survive out here.

TYLOS: No, wait a minute. If your little brother really wants to prove himself ...

VARSH: They'll be guarding the fruits now. It's too dangerous.

TYLOS: (SARCASTICALLY) For us, perhaps. But we don't have badges for mathematical excellence.

(TYLOS TAKES OFF
HIS REED BELT
AND HOLDS IT
UP IN FRONT
OF ADRIC)

Know what this is?

ADRIC: What?

TYLOS: It's our badge,
It has to be ~~all~~ earned.

(ADRIC LOOKS AT
THE BELT, THEN
AT HIS BROTHER)

ADRIC: Right.

10. INT. THE SCIENCE UNIT. DAY.

(A ROOM WHICH
SERVES BOTH AS
A SICK BAY AND
AS A SCIENTIFIC
LABORATORY.

IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE ROOM THERE IS
AN OPERATING TABLE
WITH STRAPS ATTACHED.

SOME PIECES OF
SURGICAL
EQUIPMENT ARE
LYING ON A TRAY
NEXT TO A RACK
OF ANAESTHETIC
GAS CYLINDERS AND
A STERILISATION
UNIT.

DRAITH IS PEERING
INTO A MASSIVE
MICROSCOPE.

LEXETER STANDS
BESIDE HIM)

DRAITH: If this is Mistfall

...

LEXETER: I hope so.
Scientifically.

DRAITH: You're too young to
remember the last one, Lexeter.
But it's not something I look
forward to. (cont ...)

(SEEING SOMETHING IN
THE MICROSCOPE)

DRAITH: They seem to be moving.

LEXETER: Definitely. They're alive. (CONSULTING A BOOK)
It's the same sign noted fifty years ago by Corellis and Dell. It was postulated that they might be eggs of some sort.

DRAITH: (LOOKING UP FROM THE INSTRUMENT) Insect eggs.

LEXETER: Perhaps. An entirely new kind of insect life is supposed to precede each - incident.

DRAITH: We must get back to the harvest.

(LEXETER REMOVES
THE SAMPLE OF
RIVERFRUIT FROM
UNDER THE MICRO-
SCOPE AND LOOKS
AT IT CLOSELY,
COMPARING IT
WITH THE BOOK)

LEXETER: A kind of spider.
Incomprehensible life form.
Infectious.

(HE PICKS UP A
BOTTLE OF ACID,
AND WITH A
DROPPER ADMINISTERS
A LITTLE TO THE
SAMPLE, WHICH
SMOKES AND CHARS.

LEXETER SEEMS TO
TAKE A SPECIAL
ENJOYMENT IN THE
ACT)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Riverside. Day.

The scene appears peaceful enough, apart from the CITIZENS who now stand guard with weapons. The pile of Riverfruits is a little higher, the HARVESTERS are a little more tired, some of them having removed their tunics, and the TWO SWIMMERS have opted for sunbathing, but otherwise everything is much as before.

Suddenly, unseen by the CITIZENS, a head pops up in the middle of the river. It is ADRIC, swimming stealthily towards the pile of Riverfruit.

VARSH, TYLOS and KEARA watch from the bushes.

ADRIC arrives at the bank, and keeping a low profile, begins to fill a bag he is carrying with Riverfruits.

DRAITH: It must be Mistfall

...

At his work, OMRIL
nudges RYSIK, nods
towards the
approaching FIGURES
of DRAITH and LEXETER.

OMRIL: They're back.

RYSIK: There's something up,
I tell you.

A scream from
one of the TEENAGERS
in the river.
Everyone looks.
ADRIC sees it too,
and extricates
himself quickly
from the water,
hiding behind the
pile of fruits.

The water in patches
along the river's
edge, is bubbling,
and this bubbling
is becoming more
ferocious.

DRAITH: (QUIET) It is
Mistfall ...

The CITIZENS,
shouting, yelling,
terrified, back
away from the bank.

OMRIL: Rysik! Come on!

OMRIL and a hesitant
RYSIK wade into the
water, to help the
TEENAGERS ashore.

The CITIZENS are
in a flurry. DRAITH
addresses them.

DRAITH: Calm down! Calm
down, all of you!

The CITIZENS quieten.
The OUTLERS openly
shaken, listen
carefully.

Behind the pile,
ADRIC is motionless.

DRAITH: (TO ALL OF THEM)
Citizens. This is the coming
of Mistfall. There is no
need for alarm, as long as
you all follow the Procedure.
You have two hours.

The CITIZENS agitated,
start to move away.

ADRIC, clutching the
Riverfruits he has
stolen, appears from
behind the pile,
dashes towards the
bushes. After a few
feet, however, he
trips and falls. The
Riverfruits roll in
all directions.

DRAITH turns to see
what has happened,
and finds ADRIC
desperately trying
to pick up the
Riverfruits. He
is furious.

DRAITH: Adric!!!

DRAITH starts to
run towards ADRIC,
who drops the
Riverfruits and
runs for the
trees.

VARSH, KEARA, TYLOS
and the GANG turn
and run.

VARSH: Split up! We'll meet
back at the cave!

They separate,
haring through the
trees.

LEXETER stares
incredulously at
the pursuing
DRAITH.

LEXETER: Decider! Come
back! They're not worth it!
Time's running out!

Ext. Marsh. Day.

A far less inviting sector of the planet, although there are some colourful plants to be found here as well.

ADRIC is hurrying along the edge of the marsh, weak, out of breath, exhausted.

Looking down, he sees a gash in his trousers through which his knee is bleeding badly. He clutches the wound.

Quite suddenly, DRAITH'S hands are on ADRIC'S shoulders, spinning him round. ADRIC is numbed by this suddenness.

DRAITH: You're coming back with me, Adric. They're closing the Starliner.

ADRIC: Leave - me - alone!!

ADRIC shoves DRAITH away with some violence.

The ADULT stumbles, falls, hits his head hard off the ground, rolls over onto his face, his feet lying in the marsh. He remains in this position, motionless.

ADRIC stares at him, aghast.

END TELECINE 4.

10A. EXT. THE STARLINER. DAY.

(MODEL SHOT.

WE ARE LOOKING
AT THE LIP OF
A VALLEY.

RISING, WE LOOK
DOWN INTO THE
VALLEY AND SEE
THE MASSIVE
STARLINER.

IT IS A REMARK-
ABLE ENGINEERING
ACHIEVEMENT, A
HIGHLY-ADVANCED,
GLEAMING, WELL-
MAINTAINED DEEP-
SPACE VEHICLE.

ALMOST TOO WELL-
MAINTAINED, IN
FACT)

11. INT. STARLINER BOARDING AREA.
DAY.

(A CHAMBER,
WITH A LARGE
ENTRANCE IN
ONE WALL AND,
OPPOSITE THAT,
A SHALLOW RAMP
LEADING INTO
THE NEXT SECTION
OF THE SHIP.

A GROUP OF
RELIEVED CITIZENS
ARE COMING ON
BOARD AND PASSING
THROUGH INTO
THE SHIP.

IN THE BACKGROUND
A CITIZEN WITH
A VERY MATURE
APPEARANCE, CALLED
LOGIN, IS CON-
FERRING WITH A
SMALL GROUP OF
INCOMING STAR-
LINERS, WHO ARE
SHAKING THEIR
HEADS DOUBTFULLY.

NEFRED AND GARIF
DRESSED IN THE
FLOWING ROBES OF
DECIDERS, PRESIDE
OVER THE INFLUX,
NOT UNLIKE
BENEVOLENT SHEPHERDS
COUNTING THEIR
FLOCK.

NEARBY, A TALLY
MAN KEEPS RECORDS
OF THE NUMBERS,
TICKING OFF A
CHECK LIST AS THE
CITIZENS GO PAST
HIM.

LOGIN GOES TO
THE TALLY MAN,
BUT THE TALLY
MAN IS TOO BUSY
TO DO MORE THAN
INDICATE THAT
LOGIN SHOULD
CONSULT THE
DECIDERS.

LOGIN APPROACHES
NEFRED AND GARIF
WITH NO SMALL
DEFERENCE)

NEFRED: (KINDLY) Citizen Login
... what is it?

LOGIN: Sirs ... forgive me,
but ...

GARIF: Your daughter?

(LOGIN NODS)

LOGIN: To leave her out there,
with no protection Is
there nothing we can do?

NEFRED: She and the other
outliers chose to leave us,
Login.

GARIF: The doors must close.

LOGIN: Keara is so young.

NEFRED: And you, Login are a
greatly valued citizen. But we
cannot change the law for you.

GARIF: Not even for Decider
Draith. He too has only one hour
to return.

LOGIN: Is he out there?

GARIF: Yes. Because of your
daughter and her friends.

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Marsh. Day.

ADRIC is kneeling
by the still uncon-
scious figure of
DRAITH.

ADRIC: Decider? Decider
Draith?

The BOY puts his
ear to DRAITH'S
chest.

ADRIC: Breathing. Decider,
wake up.

And then ADRIC
stares at the prostrate
form in astonishment.

Something is
pulling DRAITH
very, very slowly
into the marsh.

The force is slow
and relentless.

ADRIC grabs DRAITH'S
shoulders, tries
to pull him back,
but is himself
dragged towards
the marsh.

ADRIC: I ... can't!

A buckle from DRAITH'S cloak snags on a stone and is ripped off as the inert body continues to slide into the marsh.

ADRIC is forced to release DRAITH.

As DRAITH'S mouth submerges, his eyes open.

But there is nothing ADRIC can do. DRAITH is dragged under. His hands thrash around on the surface for a moment, then they, too, go under.

ADRIC is incredulous. His terror gives him strength, and races off with an obvious limp from his injured leg.

The marsh is, once more, absolutely still.

END TELECINE 5.

12. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(THE CONSOLE
HAS BEEN
SEVERELY DIS-
MANTLED. THE
DOCTOR IS KNEEL-
ING UNDER IT
METICULOUSLY
CHECKING OVER
A COMPLICATED
ELECTRONIC CIR-
CUIT HOUSED IN
THE SUPPORT
COLUMN.

K9 IS BY HIS
SIDE, SILENTLY
OVERSEEING THE
OPERATION.

WITHOUT TAKING
HIS EYES OFF
HIS WORK, THE
DOCTOR REACHES
UP A HAND.
ROMANA PUTS
A SMALL CUTTING
TOOL INTO IT,
AND THE HAND
GOES DOWN UNDER
THE CONSOLE
AGAIN.

BUT ROMANA HAS
HEARD SOMETHING
OUTSIDE)

ROMANA: What was that?

THE DOCTOR: Hmm?

ROMANA: I heard something.

THE DOCTOR: Hmm.

(THE DOORS ARE
OPEN. ROMANA
GOES OUTSIDE.

THE DOCTOR
REACHES UP A
HAND AGAIN.
FOR A MOMENT
IT GESTICULATES
EMPTYLY, THEN
THE DOCTOR LOOKS
UP)

What I need now is ...

(HE STOPS,
FINDING HIM-
SELF LOOKING
AT: ROMANA,
SUPPORTING A
VERY FRIGHTENED
ADRIC)

13. INT. THE CAVE. DAY.

(VARSH, KEARA
AND THE OTHER
OUTLERS ARE
GATHERED. TEN-
SION IS VERY
HIGH.

VARSH IS VERY
WORRIED)

VARSH: No!

KEARA: We all saw it, Varsh,
with our own eyes.

VARSH: Anything could make
that water bubble. It could be
anything.

KEARA: It could be mistfall.

VARSH: Mistfall's a myth.

TYLOS: So you say.

(THEY ALL TURN.

TYLOS, SWEATING,
EXHAUSTED, IS
STANDING IN THE
ENTRANCE, HAVING
JUST ARRIVED.
HE MOVES TOWARDS
VARSH)

The sun's gone in. It's
getting colder.

VARSH: You're letting the
Deciders fool you, too, Tylos.
They've taken these things and
twisted them to their own advantage.

TYLOS: You'd better be right.
Or else we're dead.

14. INT. ROMANA'S QUARTERS. DAY.

(ADRIC IS
SITTING UP ON
THE BED, HIS
TROUSER LEG
BEING CUT OPEN
BY THE SEAM
BY THE DOCTOR)

ROMANA: Look, Adric. Whatever
it is it can't get you in here.
You're safe,

ADRIC: (WEAKLY) But, the
others. I have to go.

THE DOCTOR: Not until we've
seen to this knee.

(THE WOUND IS
A BAD ONE, AND
ADRIC HAS TO
GRIT HIS TEETH
AS THE FABRIC
IS PULLED AWAY
FROM IT)

ADRIC: I have to worn them.

ROMANA: About this "Mistfall"?

THE DOCTOR: Didn't you say it
was a myth?

ADRIC: My brother says its a myth. The Outlers all think the Deciders are lying. But I've seen it.

(THE DOCTOR
HOLDS UP A
SMALL SPRAY
DEVICE)

THE DOCTOR: Relax, now, Adric.
This won't hurt a bit.

(THE DOCTOR
STARTS TO
SPRAY ADRIC'S
WOUND.

ADRIC GASPS)

My mistake.

(AFTER A
MOMENT, THE
DOCTOR STOPS
THE SPRAY)

There. Now, what exactly did you see?

15. INT. STARLINER BOARDING AREA.
DAY.

(AS NEFRED,
GARIF AND A
DISTRAUGHT
LOGIN WATCH,
A CITIZEN
PUNCHES OUT A
SEQUENCE OF
BUTTONS ON A
PANEL NEXT TO
THE ENTRANCE.)

THE THICK METAL
DOOR SLIDES INTO
PLACE.

WE HEAR A NUMBER
OF UNSEEN LOCKS
OPERATE.

GARIF FACES
NEFRED)

GARIF: The Starliner is sealed.
Nothing can get in now.

NEFRED: Decider Draith was too
late.

LOGIN: And my daughter. (cont....)

(HE RUNS FOR-
WARD AND PRESSES
HIS FACE AGAINST
THE GREAT STEEL
DOOR)

LOGIN: (cont) My daughter ...

(GARIF AND
NEFRED GO TO
LOGIN)

GARIF: The internment may be a long one. Ten years perhaps until we step out onto the surface again.

NEFRED: We need all our strength, Citizen Login.

LOGIN: (RALLYING) You're right, Decider. We must redouble our efforts towards the Embarkation.

NEFRED: A fine spirit. Yes, our work must continue.

GARIF: And our first task will be to choose a new Decider.

(LOGIN LOOKS
UP)

LOGIN: Yes ... of course.

NEFRED: We thought of seeking your advise on the matter.

(AT FIRST
LOGIN SEEMS
NOT TO GRASP
THEIR MEANING)

16. INT. ROMANA'S QUARTERS. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
CAREFULLY APPLYING A
MEDI-STRIP TO
ADRIC'S WOUND)

ADRIC: There's supposed to be this
great fog which covers the entire
planet ...

ROMANA: Hence 'Mistfall'.

ADRIC: It starts with the crops going
bad. We saw Lexeter examining them -
he's the scientist. And then the
bubbling of the water.

DOCTOR: What's supposed to happen
after that?

ADRIC: All the plant-life dies, and -
something is supposed to come out of
the marsh.

ROMANA: But there was definitely some-
thing there - and it was strong ...

(THE DOCTOR FINISHES
APPLYING THE MEDI-
STRIP)

DOCTOR: There. Give that a couple of
minutes and it'll be good as new.

(AS HE STRAIGHTENS
UP HE CATCHES ROMANA'S
EYE. HE IS TAKING
ADRIC'S STORY VERY
SERIOUSLY, BUT DOESN'T
WANT TO ADD TO THE
BOY'S ALARM)

ROMANA: (TO ADRIC) Now you're not
to bend that leg until it's healed.

ADRIC: But I can't -

DOCTOR: Don't be so impatient. It
only takes ten minutes. Come on,
Romana. You can help me put the
console back together.

(BUT FROM THE
MEANINGFUL LOOK
HE GIVES ROMANA, WE
GATHER HE ALSO WANTS
TO DISCUSS THE MISTFALL
THREAT)

17. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

DOCTOR: (ENTERING WITH ROMANA) We seem to be in the wrong place at the wrong time again.

(HE STARTS TO
REASSEMBLE THE
CONSOLE)

ROMANA: The starliner community sounds like a type D oligarchy. Typically they would use propaganda like that to retain power.

DOCTOR: Government by myth-management, eh?

ROMANA: That story about the marsh - he could have been hallucinating. A folk-story, inculcated since birth ..

(ADRIC APPEARS IN
THE DOORWAY.

HE LOOKS ROUND,
NOTICING THE TARDIS
INTERIOR FOR THE
FIRST TIME)

DOCTOR: And then again it could all be true.

ADRIC: I think you're right.

ROMANA: Your knee!

ADRIC: I'm not bending it. Look, I must be hallucinating. that blue box I saw ...

DOCTOR: The Tardis, yes.

ADRIC: (DEEPLY PUZZLED) Is this it?

DOCTOR: I apologise for the mess.
We weren't expecting visitors ... oh,
I see what you mean. You're puzzled
by the relative dimensioning.

ADRIC: We're inside it?

DOCTOR: Yes ... I have a lot of trouble
explaining that one. You see ...

(LOOKING HARD AT
ADRIC)

Describe the outside of the Tardis.

ADRIC: A blue box ... it looked old.
A door - no, two doors, open like this
(HE DEMONSTRATES) The handles are
funny ... not on the same level.

DOCTOR: Very perceptive. (TO ROMANA)
Sounds like a reliable witness to me.

(THE DOCTOR BREAKS
OFF FROM HIS WORK
ON THE CONSOLE AND
STRAIGHTENS UP)

(TO ROMANA) You know where everything
goes. Come on, K9.

ROMANA: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: The marsh. (PUTTING ON HIS
COAT) No good sitting here theorising
about it.

ROMANA: (INDICATING THE CONSOLE) But
we still don't know what's wrong with
this.

DOCTOR: (GOING) It's probably some-
thing very simple, like - (cont ...)

(SUDDENLY A THOUGHT
HITS HIM.)

HE PICKS UP ONE
OF THE LOOSE
COMPONENTS - A
SMALL SQUARE BOX - AND
WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND)

DOCTOR: (cont) The image translator
reads the absolute values of the co-
ordinates ...

ROMANA: Of course it does. Real space
doesn't have negative co-ordinates ...?

(SHE TAILS OFF,
GRASPING THE
DOCTOR'S DRIFT)

That disruption we went through.

DOCTOR: Just a thought.

(HE TOSSES HER THE
IMAGE TRANSLATOR
AND HE AND K9 ARE
GONE)

ROMANA: (TO HERSELF) A very nasty
thought.

(SHE PUTS DOWN
THE IMAGE TRANSLATOR,
REACHES FOR A WRITING
PAD AND WRITING
IMPLEMENT AND BEGINS TO
SCRIBBLE FURIOUSLY)

ADRIC: What's the problem?

ROMANA: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Negation
isometry. You wouldn't understand.

(SHE NIBBLES HER
WRITING IMPLEMENT
AS SHE PAUSES TO
STARE AT THE PAD,
WORKING SOMETHING OUT.)

ADRIC LOOKS OVER
HER SHOULDER)

ADRIC: (WITH GREAT ADMIRATION) Can
you do matrix transformations in your
head?

ROMANA: Yes, if people aren't staring
over my shoulder.

(THEN SHE REALISES
THAT ADRIC DOES
UNDERSTAND HER
SCRIBBLES)

ADRIC: (BACKING OFF) Sorry.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT
HIM IN A NEW LIGHT.

HE PEELS THE MEDI-
STRIP OFF HIS KNEE
AND LOOKS IN WONDER
AT THE HEALED SKIN)

TELECINE 6.

Ext. Marsh. Day.

The DOCTOR and K9
are by the edge of
the marsh.

The DOCTOR, crouched,
is examining the
disturbed ground at
his feet. He picks up
the buckle from
DRAITH'S cloak and
scrutinises it.

DOCTOR: Hmm ...

K9: Master - alert.

The DOCTOR looks up.
A thick, billowing
cloud is rolling over
the marsh towards them.

DOCTOR: (QUIET) The fog ... Adric was
right. It's true.

The DOCTOR climbs
slowly to his feet,
bracing himself.

The fog totally
envelops them both.

END TELECINE 6.

18. INT. THE TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA IS REASSEMBLING
THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: Look, I must go.

ROMANA: The Doctor will want to talk
to you.

ADRIC: I'll come back, I promise.

(ROMANA HANDS HIM
A SMALL GREEN OBJECT
ABOUT THE SIZE OF A
GOLF BALL)

ROMANA: Better take this, then.

ADRIC: (INSPECTING IT) What is it?

ROMANA: Guess.

(HE BITES IT, SMELLS
IT THEN HOLDS IT TO
HIS EAR. HE SMILES)

ADRIC: A homing device.

ROMANA: It'll help you find the Tardis
again.

(ADRIC GOES)